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TWELFTH NIGHT

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY RICHARD GRANT WHITE, AND FURNISHED WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES BY HELEN GRAY CONE

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OR

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BY

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FROM THE RIVERSIDE EDITION EDITED BY
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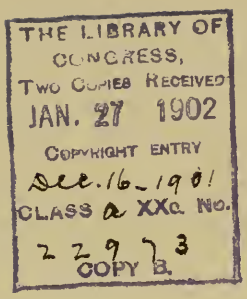

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NOTE.

The plan adopted in this edition is the same as that followed in *As You Like It* in this series, Number 93, and in *Hamlet*, Number 116. Mr. White's text and apparatus have been used, and the necessary additions enclosed in brackets. In the *Suggestions for Special Study*, the intention has been to point out the most profitable lines of investigation, and to assist the student in forming a clear and consistent notion of the characters.

The editor is indebted to Mr. Joseph H. Beale, Jr., for the suggestion in the Appendix of an arrangement of the play for amateurs.

INTRODUCTION.

The story which furnishes the plot of this comedy is to be found in various degrees of development in the writings of various Italian and French novelists and dramatists of the sixteenth century. Of these a comedy called *Gl' Ingannati* (The Mistaken Ones), first printed in 1537, by an unknown author, is most like *Twelfth Night*, to which, indeed, it corresponds in plot almost point for point. Such knowledge, however, as Shakespeare had of *Gl' Ingannati* was, we may be sure, through some English translation, or some play founded upon it, which has been lost. The principal serious incidents of his own play he might have found in *Apollonius and Silla*, the second of a collection of tales published by Barnaby Rich, in 1581 ; but from whatever quarter he took these, there can be no doubt that he himself added the inferior comic personages, and worked their doings up with those of their enamored superiors. *Twelfth Night* was first printed in the folio of 1623 ; but the contemporary diary of John Manningham, a student of the Middle Temple, in London, records its performance in the Temple hall on the 2d February, 1601–2. As Meres does not mention it in 1598, we may be sure that it was written about 1599–1600. It is printed in the folio with a remarkable degree of correctness. There is little doubt as to any important passage in its text ; and none, I believe, has ever been expressed as to the authorship of any part of it. We feel the gentle touch of Shakespeare's gentlest hand in it, from the first scene to the last. As to the period of the action and the costume, there is a delightful uncertainty ; but in regard to other points, an equally delightful certainty. Whoever the Duke of Illyria or Sebastian of Mitylene may be, Toby Belch, Andrew Aguecheek, Malvolio, Fabian, and Maria are English men and women of Shakespeare's own day. As to them we may be sure ; and let the uncertain follow the certain.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*
SEBASTIAN, *brother to Viola.*
ANTONIO, *a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.*
A Sea Captain, *friend to Viola.*
VALENTINE, } *gentlemen attending*
CURIO, } *on the Duke.*
SIR TOBY BELCH, *uncle to Olivia.*
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

MALVOLIO, *steward to Olivia.*
FABIAN, } *servants to*
FESTE, *a Clown,* } *Olivia.*

OLIVIA.
VIOLA.
MARIA, *Olivia's woman.*

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE: A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it.

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I.

Scene I. *The* Duke's *palace.*

Enter Duke, Curio, *and other* Lords; Musicians *attending.*

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die. [*Music.*
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! [*Music.*] Enough; no more:
'T is not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,

5. [sound. This is the reading of the folio of 1623. Pope altered it to "south," assuming that the south wind was meant. It is natural that the Duke should compare a strain of music to the *sound* of the breathing wind; fragrance, an associated idea, thrusts itself in before the first thought has been completely expressed. The passage is really elliptical: —

"Like the sweet sound
[Of the wind] that breathes upon a bank of violets."

The Duke is not comparing sound to fragrance (see *Comus*, l. 555, and Shelley's *Skylark*, stanza xi.); he is enriching his first image. For Shakespeare's method see *Hamlet*, Riverside Literature Series, p. 80.]

That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE.

How now! what news from her?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft

14. [fancy = love.]

26. [The element = the sky.]

35. the rich golden shaft = Cupid's "best arrow" (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act I., sc. i., l. 170), fabled to be all of gold.

Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections, with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, *a* Captain, *and* Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,

37–40. [The phrase **with one self king** has the same relation to *supplied* as to *filled*. Some editors read ("Her sweet perfections)." This alters the construction, placing *perfections* in apposition with *thrones* and the preceding nouns.]

39. [**self** = same.]

15. [**like Arion.** See Classical Dictionary.]

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there 's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 't was fresh in murmur, — as, you know
What great ones do the less will prattle of, —
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What 's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O that I served that lady
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass;

43. [Compare *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV., sc. ii., l. 72: "Upon the mellowing of occasion," i. e., when time is ripe.]

Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee, and I 'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I 'll serve this duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of music
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I 'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee: lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

51. [**character.** The word is here used, not in the most common sense, but figuratively. What is the metaphor? See Act V., sc. i., l. 345.]

53. [**Conceal me what I am.** *Me* is here what Dr. Abbott calls "the redundant object," the clause *what I am* being also objective. A construction similar in principle is found in lines 42–44; but there the appositional clause *what my estate is* is nominative, as the passive form of the verb is used.]

56. [We are to find later that Viola's plan has been altered in its details. She is presented to the Duke as a page, but not expressly as a singer. It is necessary that Shakespeare should give the songs of the play to Feste the jester; and he neglects or dislikes to cancel the pleasing lines 57–59.]

Scene III. Olivia's *house.*

Enter Sir Toby Belch *and* Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care 's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine! I 'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He 's as tall a man as any 's in Illyria.

Mar. What 's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he 'll have but a year in all these ducats: he 's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you 'll say so! he plays o' the

5. [cousin. The term was loosely used by the Elizabethans.]

7. except, before excepted: a whimsical use of a law phrase.

12. [an = if; sometimes written "an if."]

20. tall = able.

viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature. 29

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that he 's a fool, he 's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 't is thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he 's drunk nightly in your company. 38

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I 'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he 's a coward and a coystril that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' th' toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castiliano vulgo! for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

27. **viol-de-gamboys** = *viol-da-gamba* (Ital.), a viol held between the legs, like the violoncello.

30. [**natural.** Maria plays upon the word, which is sometimes a noun meaning "a foolish person." See *As You Like It*, Act I., sc. ii., lines 52 and 57.]

36. [**substractors**: a variation of "subtractors," with the sense of "detractors."]

41. **coystril.** The base hangers-on of military men and armies were called coystrils.

43. **parish-top.** In Shakespeare's day it was a common custom to have a large whipping-top for parish use. **Castiliano vulgo.** Probably Sir Toby's Italian for *Castiliano volto* = (put on) a Spanish face; that is, a sober face.

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What 's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost, —

Sir To. You mistake, knight: "accost" is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here 's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, "thought is free:" I pray you, bring your hand to the butt'ry-bar and let it drink.

48. [**shrew.** The tiny shrew-mouse, it was believed, was "deadly to other beasts if he bit them" (Florio's *Worlde of Wordes*, 1598); hence came the use of *shrew* to mean a sharp-tongued person, generally a woman. Sir Andrew uses the term carelessly, as equivalent to "damsel."]

68. [**thought is free**: a familiar saying. For the application here, look back to line 63.]

69. **butt'ry-bar.** The buttery was the room in great houses where meat and drink are dispensed to the household. [Maria puns on the word *dry* = thirsty. The implication is that Sir Andrew's hand is like that of a feeble old man. "A dry hand" is one of the signs of old age imputed by the Chief Justice to Falstaff, *Henry IV., Pt. II.*, Act I., sc. ii., l. 204.]

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what 's your metaphor? 71

Mar. It 's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what 's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit.*

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down? 80

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I 'd forswear it. I 'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoi*, my dear knight? 89

Sir And. What is *pourquoi?* do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does 't not? 100

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff.

91. tongues — curl by nature. In some parts of England *tongue* and *tong* are pronounced alike.

Sir And. Faith, I 'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it 's four to one she 'll none of me: the count himself here hard by wooes her.

Sir To. She 'll none o' th' count: she 'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear 't. Tut, there 's life in 't, man.

Sir And. I 'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' th' strangest mind i' th' world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

104. [**the count**: Orsino is called indifferently "the Duke" and "the count."]

117. **galliard, coranto** = lively dances.

125. **Mistress Mall**: generic; meaning only, young lady.

130. [The meaning is made clearer in line 134. Compare *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II., sc. i., l. 349.]

Sir And. Ay, 't is strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! That 's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *The* Duke's *palace.*

Enter Valentine, *and* Viola *in man's attire.*

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter Duke, Curio, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho? 10

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. [*To Attend.*] Stand you a while aloof. — Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access; stand at her doors,

136. **Taurus! That 's sides**, etc. The knight refers to the astrological notion that certain organs of the body were ruled by certain constellations. [Taurus was really supposed to have influence over the neck and throat. Sir Andrew's mind is somewhat vague; and Sir Toby is here as elsewhere superior to fact.]

And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.
Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.
Duke. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.
Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?
Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.
Vio. I think not so, my lord.
Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill in sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

28. [**nuncio's.** This is the folio reading. It presents a difficulty, as relating to *youth*, understood; a graver *nuncio* would probably have passed his youth. The *'s* is therefore generally dropped by editors. **aspect** must be accented on the second syllable, as in *Merchant of Venice*, Act I., sc. i., l. 54.]

33. [**shrill in sound.** Mr. White's reading. The folio has "shrill and sound," which seems acceptable, *sound* meaning "pure, uncracked."]

34. [**semblative** = resembling; **part** has the dramatic sense.]

35. [See sc. iii., lines 130, 134.]

Vio. I 'll do my best
To woo your lady: [*Aside*] yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter MARIA *and* CLOWN.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hang'd in this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of "I fear no colours."

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent; or, to be turn'd away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

41. [**barful** = creating a bar, or hindrance. "My inward struggle makes it hard to keep my promise."]

6. **fear no colours**: that is, probably, no enemy; the phrase being of martial origin.

9. [**lenten** = spare, scanty.]

20. **let summer**, etc.: he could make his way, if he were turned off in summer. [Possibly Feste's meaning is less practical: "Let coming time prove the truth of what you say."]

Clo. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

Clo. Wit, an 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? "Better a witty fool than a foolish wit."

Enter Lady Olivia *with* Malvolio.

God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, y' are a dry fool; I 'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that 's mended is but patch'd: virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with sin; and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve,

24. **if one break, etc.** Maria quibbles: the strings that tied the gaskins, or loose breeches, to the doublet were called points.

35. **Quinapalus.** Who this sage was, is known only to Feste.

so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty 's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum;* that 's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechise you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I 'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn

56. **Misprision** = misapprehension.

57. **cucullus non facit monachum**: the cowl does not make the monk. [**as much to say as** = as much as to say that; for which it is possibly a misprint.]

that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he 's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies. 91

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endure thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools! 100

Re-enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam: 't is a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

90. **fools' zanies** = a sort of secondary or supplemental fools, that were the fools' butts, and subjects of practical jokes. The circus ring shows a survival of them.

99. **leasing** = lying; that she might stop at nothing. [Mercury, that "sly chameleon spirit," as Shelley calls him, was the very prince of liars.]

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for, — here he comes, — one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir To. 'T is a gentleman here — a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

Clo. Good Sir Toby!

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There 's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the Devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it 's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What 's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

108. [**speaks nothing but madman** = speaks invariably as a madman. Compare *Othello*, Act II., sc. iii., l. 281: "Drunk? and speak parrot?"]

117. [**pia mater.** The membrane covering the brain is here put for the brain itself.]

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he 's in the third degree of drink, he 's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he 's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. Has been told so; and he says, he 'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he 'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he 'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 't is a peascod, or a codling when 't is almost an apple: 't is

136. [**crowner**: the Shakespearian form of "coroner." See *Hamlet*, Act. V., sc. i.]

149. [**Has been told so.** This is the common Elizabethan ellipsis of the nominative. Where should we find the same usage at the present day?]

150. **sheriff's post.** A pair of painted posts stood of old before a sheriff's door as a sign.

159. **squash** = the immature peascod.

with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face. We 'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty, — I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question 's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

162. [**well-favour'd** = good-looking. *Favour* = appearance.]

179. **comptible** = responsive, sensitive. **sinister** = left-handed, forbidding, unkind.

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am. 189

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 't is poetical. 198

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allow'd your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 't is not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger. 208

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homagé: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

206. **hull** = lie still, but not at anchor. [Viola continues, in a mocking tone, Maria's seaman-like metaphor.]

207. [**your giant.** The part of Maria was doubtless first presented by a person of small stature; hence this ironical appeal.]

208. [**Tell me your mind.** Warburton suggested that this brief sentence was meant to be uttered by Olivia,— a hypothesis which makes the passage intelligible.]

213. **taxation** = exaction, censorious requirement.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to any other's profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit Maria.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady, —

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is 't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'T is in grain, sir; 't will endure wind and weather.

220. [**divinity.** Viola had used the word in the sense of "something sacred." Olivia plays upon it, giving it the more usual meaning, "religious doctrine."]

237. **this present** = but now. [The text here is possibly corrupt. Singer suggested, "Such a one I was, as this presents," — the conventional remark of a person showing a portrait: "This is what I used to look like."]

240. [**in grain** = dyed of a fast colour. *Grain* was at first

Vio. 'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him;
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,

used for a scarlet or purple dye, made from the granular bodies of certain small insects; later it came to mean simply "dye" or "colour." See *Comus*, l. 750, and *Il Penseroso*, l. 33.]

259. [Pope read, "with fertile tears," — a change which seems required, not only for the music of the verse, but for the balance of the construction. Notice that *adorations* has here five syllables, just as *perfections* has four in l. 300. For Shakespeare's metrical method, — a highly interesting subject, — see *Notes on Shakspere's Versification*, by George H. Browne (Ginn & Co.), and Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (Macmillan Co.). A summary by the present editor may be found in the introduction to *The Merchant of Venice*, Star Series (Globe School Book Co.).]

Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant;
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write royal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!

Oli. You might do much.
What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

264. **In voices well divulged** = in common speech well reported.

272–280. [This whole passage should be read aloud to bring out its lovely melody. Note the imaginativeness of **the babbling gossip of the air**; what mythological figure is meant?]

274. [**cantons** = cantos.]

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. "What is your parentage?"
"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman." I 'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too fast: soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him I 'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I 'll give him reasons for 't: hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be, and be this so. [*Exit.*

297. [five-fold blazon: a metaphor from heraldry.]
314. owe = own, have under our own control.

ACT II.

Scene I. *The sea-coast.*

Enter Antonio *and* Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, alter'd that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder

11. **extravagancy** = aimless wandering.
17. **Messaline.** No such place is known. Probably Mitylene.
21. [**breach** = breaking; hence, breakers, surf.]
26. [**estimable wonder.** This is the active use of an ad-

overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her; she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drown'd already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more. 31

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court, 44
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *A street.*

Enter Viola, Malvolio *following.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him:

jective ending in *able*, common in Shakespeare's time. It is equivalent to "esteeming wonder," i. e. admiration.]

and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me: I 'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye: if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man: if it be so, as 't is,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;

26. [she were better love = it would be better for her to love. The old dative construction, "it were better to me," was corrupted in Elizabethan English into "I were better."]

28. [pregnant = ready (of wit). For *the enemy*, see Act III., Sc. iv., l. 100.]

29. proper-false = handsome-faithless men.

33. fadge = wag, go, work.

34. [monster. The word is used in reference to the unnat-

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman, — now alas the day! —
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie! [*Exit.*

Scene III. Olivia's *house.*

Enter Sir Toby *and* Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st —

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfill'd can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou 'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

ural or inconsistent, not necessarily to the repulsive. Viola is, of course, thinking of her disguise. **fond** = dote; an example of the Elizabethan flexibility in the use of the parts of speech.]

36. [**What will become of this?** We should say, "What will this come to?"]

2. [**betimes** = in good time, early.] **diluculo surgere** = to rise early, *saluberrimum est* = is most healthful. From Lily's Latin Grammar.

Clo. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of "we three"? 17

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 't was very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman; hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song. 30

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There 's a testril of me too: if one knight give a —

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

17. **the picture of "we three:"** that is, two asses. [Or, perhaps, two fools. The third was to be supplied by the innocent beholder, — a familiar mirth-raising device.]

20. **breast** = voice. Feste's part was plainly written for a singing actor.

25. **leman** = sweetheart, mistress.

26. [**impeticos thy gratillity**: probably Feste's professional perversion of "impetticoat thy gratuity;" i. e. he gave it to his sweetheart.]

33. **testril**: slang for sixpence. **if one knight give a.** Thus the folio; probably a few words are lost, such as "a testril, I will give another."

Clo. [*Sings.*]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love 's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. [*Sings.*]

What is love? 't is not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What 's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,
Youth 's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let 's do 't: I am dog at a catch.

39. **O mistress mine.** This charming song is not Shakespeare's. Its writer is unknown. The lines and snatches of verse throughout this scene are from old songs popular in Shakespeare's day. [Dr. Furness writes: "Oxen and wainropes cannot hale me from the belief that this song is Shakespeare's very own."]

51. [**sweet-and-twenty.** The Globe editors explain this phrase: "Sweet kisses and twenty of them." Dr. Furness, however, calls it "a vocative term of endearment," — certainly the more pleasing interpretation.]

59. **one weaver**: weavers were notably psalm-singers.

60. [**dog**: a colloquialism paralleled by our modern "an old hand." See *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV., sc. iv., l. 14: "To be as it were a dog at all things."]

Clo. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, "Thou knave."

Clo. "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'T is not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins "Hold thy peace."

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

[*They sing the catch.*

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not call'd up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and "Three merry men be we." Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally, lady! [*Sings.*] "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. [*Sings.*] "O, the twelfth day of December," —

Mar. For the love of God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble

75. **Cataian** = *Cathay-an* = native of Cathay, Chinese.

76. [**Peg-a-Ramsey**: a name taken from an old song.]

78. [**Tillyvally**: an exclamation of contempt.]

80. [**Beshrew me**: a petty curse, equivalent to "may I be shrew-bitten." See note on Act I., sc. iii., l. 48.]

like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you? 93

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she 's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell. 102

Sir To. [*Singing always.*] "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone."

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. [*Singing always.*] "His eyes do show his days are almost done."

Mal. Is 't even so?

Sir To. "But I will never die."

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie. 110

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go?"

Clo. "What an if you do?"

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go, and spare not?"

Clo. "O no, no, no, no, you dare not."

Sir To. Out o' time, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' th' mouth too. 120

91. [**coziers'** = cobblers'.]
95. **Sneck up** = shut up. *Sneck* = latch, bar.
96. [**round** = plain-spoken.]

Sir To. Thou 'rt i' th' right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'T were as good a deed as to drink when a man 's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do 't, knight: I 'll write thee a challenge; or I 'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I 'd beat him like a dog!

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass, that

127. shake your ears: like an ass, of course.
137. [nayword = by-word, laughing-stock.]
151. [affection'd = affected.]

cons state without book and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do? 157

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she 's in love with him. 169

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 't will be admirable!

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea. 180

Sir And. Before me, she 's a good wench.

152. [**swarths** = swaths; *swath* = the quantity cut by a mower at one scythe-sweep.]

180. **Penthesilea**: queen of the Amazons.

181. [**Before me**: an asseveration, roughly equivalent to

Sir To. She 's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let 's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' th' end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I 'll go burn some sack; 't is too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and others.*

Duke. Give me some music. Now, good-morrow, friends.
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come, but one verse.

"upon my soul," and similar in form to "before God." See *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV., sc. iii., l. 54: "I' the name of me."]

188. [**out**: i. e. of money.]

190. [**call me cut**: much the same as "call me horse" = ridicule or reproach me.]

193. [**sack** = a Spanish wine.]

3. **antique** = quaint; accented on the first syllable; whence, *antic.*

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit Curio. Music plays.*

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is 't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven: let still the woman take
An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,

18. [**motions** = emotions.]

25, 26. [**favour.** Notice the Elizabethan quibble; see note on Act I., sc. v., l. 162.]

Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO, *with* CLOWN.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; prithee, sing. [*Music.*

Clo.

SONG.

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

38. [**hold the bent**: a metaphor taken from the bending of a bow.]

45. [**spinsters** = spinning-women. In old English *ster* was a feminine suffix. Its true force, originally felt in such words as webster (weaving-woman), survives in *spinster* only.]

46. [**free** = probably, care-free.]

47. [**silly sooth** = simple truth.]

53. [**cypress** = crape or gauze, said to have been first brought from the island of Cyprus; it was generally black, though white cypress is not unheard of. See Act III., sc. i., l. 117.]

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Duke. There 's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I 'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing and their intent every where; for that 's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[*Curio and Attendants retire.*

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 't is that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?
Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.
Vio. Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?
Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.
Vio. Ay, but I know —
Duke. What dost thou know?
Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.
Duke. And what 's her history?
Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,

101. [A confused construction. What is the antecedent of *that?*]
114. [thought = brooding sadness. See *Julius Cæsar*, Act II., sc. i., l. 187.]

And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that 's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. OLIVIA'S *garden.*

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I 'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him we 'll have the bear again;

117. **Smiling at grief**: it was the supposed sister, not Patience, who smiled at grief.

119. [There seems to be an ellipsis of *our* before *will*.]

126. [For **denay** (denial) as a verb (deny), see *Henry VI., Pt. II.*, Act I., sc. iii., l. 107.]

5. **sheep-biter** = cur. [There is a special appropriateness in comparing Malvolio to a surly, over-important shepherd-dog, that snaps at his charges needlessly.]

and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew? 12

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA.

How now, my metal of India!

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'T is but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't? 30

Sir To. Here 's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Sir To. Peace, I say.

15. **metal of India** = golden girl.

25. [**affect me** = regard me with affection.]

32. **jets** = struts. **advanced** = lifted, elevated.

34. ['**Slight**: one of those interjections which had lost their originally profane meaning. This meant, at first, "by God's light." Thus *marry*, l. 105 = by Mary; but this sense had completely faded out when Shakespeare used it.]

Mal. To be Count Malvolio!

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace! 39

Mal. There is example for 't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he 's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state, —

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping, — 50

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby, —

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O peace, peace, peace! now, now. 58

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance

40. **lady of the Strachy**: who she was is unknown. [The word *Strachy* is itself obscure.]

42. [**Jezebel.** Common speech in Queen Elizabeth's day was full of references to the Bible; 1 Kings xxi. 5 will show how appropriately Sir Andrew applies the name.]

46. [**state** = chair of state.]

47. **stone-bow.** Some cross-bows shot stones.

49. [**day-bed** = couch.]

53. [**to have the humour of state** = to be in a mood when one stands on one's dignity.]

54. [**a demure travel of regard** = a slow, grave survey.]

wind up my watch, or play with my — some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me, —

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cords, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control, —

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then? 69

Mal. Saying, Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech, —

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight, —

Sir And. That 's me, I warrant you. 80

Mal. One Sir Andrew, —

Sir And. I knew 't was I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

61. [Malvolio cannot think at this moment what he will pompously play with, — but anything will do, if it be costly.]

65. [**with cords**: Mr. White's own solution of a puzzle. The folio has "with cars."]

84. [**woodcock.** In the Elizabethan drama the woodcock is treated as a foolish bird, and furnishes many jests.]

85. [**humours** = absurdities, fantastic caprices.]

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's and her T's: why that?

Mal. [*Reads.*] "To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:" — her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 't is my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*Reads.*]

> Jove knows I love:
> But who?
> Lips, do not move;
> No man must know.

"No man must know." What follows? the numbers altered! "No man must know:" if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. [*Reads.*]

> I may command where I adore;
> But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
> With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;
> M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life." Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish o' poison has she dress'd him!

102. [the numbers altered. What is the measure of 98-101? Of 106–109?]
105. brock = badger.
110. [fustian = made of cheap stuff.]

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

Mal. "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this: and the end, — what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me, — Softly! M, O, A, I, —

Sir To. O, ay, make up that: he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon 't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M, — Malvolio; M, — why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M, — but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I 'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the

115. **staniel** = a kind of hawk. **checks** = snaps. [In falconry, to *check* is to forsake the quarry for other birds.]

119. **formal** = well regulated, reasonable.

124–131. [A sustained metaphor from the hunting-field.]

126. **Sowter**: a common name for a hound.

135. **And O** = and naught, nothing.

former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.

[*Reads.*] If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee, 159

The Fortunate-Unhappy.

Daylight and champain discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests

144. [**are.** Would this now be considered correct ?]

152. [**tang** = twang, speak loudly; also followed by "with." See Act III., sc. iv., l. 72.]

156. [**Go to** : a colloquial expression, to be rendered according to the context; here equivalent to a playful "Why, man!"]

161. [**champain** = open field.]

164. **point-devise** = precisely.

165. [**jade me** = trick me. See *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act IV., sc. v., l. 64.]

168. **cross-garter'd.** In cross-gartering the garters were passed around the leg across each other with an upward inclination, and were knotted just below the knee.

herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript. 174

[*Reads.*] Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.

Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy. 182

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA.

Sir To. Wilt thou set foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either? 190

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

171. [**strange** = unapproachable. **stout** = bold, disputatious.]

177. [**still smile** = always smile, keep smiling.]

182. **Sophy** = Shah.

191. [**tray-trip** = a game at dice; success depended on throwing a trey.]

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 't is a colour she abhors, and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I 'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. OLIVIA'S *garden.*

Enter VIOLA, *and* CLOWN *with a tabor.*

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lives by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

197. [aqua-vitae = "strong waters." (Johnson.)]

206. Tartar = Tartarus.

2. [tabor = a drum-like instrument, played with the fingers.]

8. [lives. Mr. White's own reading. The folio has *lyes*, which would here mean "lodges."]

Clo. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward!

Vio. Nay, that 's certain.

Clo. Indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband 's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I 'll no more with thee. Hold, there 's expenses for thee. [*Gives money.*

12. **cheveril** = kid.

15. [The existence of a bond may be said to discredit the word, or promise, which ought itself to be "as good as a bond."]

30. **pilchards**: fish very like the herring, but larger and fatter.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I 'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; [*Aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 't is well begg'd.

[*Gives again.*

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say "element," but the word is over-worn.

[*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
But wise men's folly shown, quite taints their wit.

47. [**Pandarus**: Cressida's uncle, the go-between in the love-affair of Troilus and Cressida. The story had been told by Chaucer, and was later to be dramatized by Shakespeare himself.]

53. [**out of my welkin** = not visible in my sky.]

54. [**element**: see Act I., sc. i., l. 26.]

59. [**haggard** = an untrained hawk. **check**: see Act II., sc. v., l. 115. The word is somewhat more appropriate in the former passage than in this. To meet this difficulty, Dr. Johnson read: "Not, like the haggard."]

Enter SIR TOBY *and* SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi ; votre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage. 72

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you! 81

Sir And. That youth 's a rare courtier: "Rain odours;" well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. "Odours," "pregnant" and "vouchsafed:" I 'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to

72. [**list** = boundary, limit. How was the word used in connection with a tournament?]

79. [**prevented** = anticipated. Compare *Merchant of Venice*, Act I., sc. i., l. 61; and see, in the Book of Common Prayer, the Collect for the seventeenth Sunday after Trinity: "We pray that thy grace may always prevent and follow us."]

85. [**pregnant** = ready (to listen). See Act II., sc. ii., l. 28.]

my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*] Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'T was never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You 're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you,
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady, —

Oli. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you;
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake

106. [**music from the spheres**: a reference to the Ptolemaic theory. The planets were supposed to be set in spheres, which revolved about the earth, making music as they moved. See *Merchant of Venice*, Act V., sc. i., lines 60–66.]

114, 115. [A metaphor based on the cruel sport referred to in Act. II., sc. v., l. 8. See also *Macbeth*, Act V., sc. vii., lines 1, 2.]

And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown: a cypress, not a bosom,
Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That 's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grize; for 't is a vulgar proof, 120
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks 't is time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf! [*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west. 130

Vio. Then westward-ho! Grace and good disposition
Attend your ladyship!
You 'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think you are — not what you are.

116. [receiving = mental capacity.]

117. cypress = a semi-transparent tissue. [See note on Act II., sc. iv., l. 53.]

120. grize = step.

129. [proper = excellent. It frequently means handsome, as in Act II., sc. ii., l. 29.]

136. That you do think you are, etc.: that is, You think you are a woman loving a man.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.
Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.
Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.
Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.
Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. Olivia's *house.*

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. No, faith, I 'll not stay a jot longer.
Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

148. [maugre = despite.]
2. [dear venom. Sir Toby, always fantastic in his language,

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's servingman than ever she bestow'd upon me; I saw 't i' th' orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgement and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was balk'd: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a

here adopts a fashion of the Euphuists, who affected startling contradictions; compare Armado's "dear imp," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act. I., sc. ii., l. 5. The exquisite unreason of the present application is that *venom* suggests wit, of which, as Sir Andrew himself confesses, he has sometimes no more than an ordinary man.]

19. [**dormouse valour**: a delightful Illyrian perversion of "dormant valour," casually intimating that Sir Andrew has as much of that quality as a dormouse.]

27. [**an icicle on a Dutchman's beard**: this curious illus-

Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy. 29

Sir And. An 't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him? 41

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let

tration arises in Fabian's mind from his preceding metaphor, which suggests, by association, images of extreme cold. The word *Dutchman* creeps in, probably, because of the discovery of Northern Nova Zembla by a Dutchman a few years before the date of this play.]

31. **Brownist** = a sort of Puritan, follower of Robert Brown.

33. [**me** : the "ethical dative." See *Julius Cæsar*, Act I., sc. ii., l. 269, and *Merchant of Venice*, Act I., sc. iii., l. 85.]

42. [**curst** : sharp, ill-tempered. See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III., sc. ii., lines 300, 301.]

45. **if thou thou'st him** : that is, if thou dost address him as *thou* instead of *you*; an assertion of superiority on the part of the speaker.

47. **bed of Ware.** It was 10 feet 9 inches square. It remained at Ware in an inn until 1864, when it was sold by auction.

there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We 'll call thee at the cubiculo: go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you 'll not deliver 't?

Sir To. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I 'll eat the rest of th' anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He 's in yellow stockings.

52. **cubiculo**: lodging; Toby's Latin for cubiculum.

53. **manakin** = little man, contemptuously.

66. **youngest wren of nine.** The wren lays nine eggs, and the last was supposed to produce the smallest bird. See note on Act I., sc. v., l. 207.

68. [**the spleen** = "a fit of laughter, the spleen being supposed to be the seat of that emotion." (Globe editors.)]

72. [**grossness** = absurdity.]

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' th' church. I have dogg'd him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies; you have not seen such a thing as 't is. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he 'll smile and take 't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A street.*

Enter Sebastian *and* Antonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth:
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,

75. [**like a pedant**, etc. It was probably clear to an Elizabethan audience, though it is a mystery to us, why a pedagogue keeping a school in the church — as Shakespeare's own schoolmaster may have done in the Guild Chapel at Stratford — would be likely to affect cross-gartering.]

79. [**the new map**: doubtless the map first issued to accompany the second edition of Hakluyt's Voyages, 1599.]

8. [**jealousy** = anxiety.]

9. [What is modified by the phrase **being skilless**, etc. ?]

The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and thanks; and ever oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing. What 's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 't is long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you 'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;

13. **your pursuit** = pursuit of you; [the "objective genitive."]

15. [The folio has "And thankes: and ever oft good turnes." Theobald read: "And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns." The present reading makes *oft* an adjective, equivalent to "frequent."]

17. [**my worth**: what I am worth. "If I could depend upon my wealth, as I can upon my honest intentions."]

26. **the count his galleys** = the count's galleys: a false form of the possessive common in Shakespeare's time, but rare with him; perhaps we should read *county's galleys*. [The *'s* of the regular possessive case is not an abbreviation of *his*, as for some centuries it was supposed to be; but a development of the old English *es*, the sign of the genitive.]

Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here 's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I 'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. Olivia's *garden.*

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says he 'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.
Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:
Where is Malvolio?

36. **lapsed**: probably lost, given up to aimless wandering.

1. [**he says he 'll come**: anticipative, and equivalent to "Say he says he 'll come."]

Mar. He 's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possess'd, madam.

Oli. Why, what 's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in 's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither. [*Exit Maria.*] I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter MARIA, *with* MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Oli. Smilest thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, "Please one, and please all."

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed! ay, sweet-heart.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.

19. [**sad**: of grave importance.]

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. "Be not afraid of greatness:" 't was well writ.

Oli. What mean'st thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. "Some are born great," —

Oli. Ha!

Mal. "Some achieve greatness," —

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. "And some have greatness thrust upon them."

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. "Remember who commended thy yellow stockings," —

Oli. My yellow stockings!

Mal. "And wish'd to see thee cross-gartered."

Oli. Cross-garter'd!

Mal. "Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;" —

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. "If not, let me see thee a servant still."

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is return'd: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where 's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. [*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*

Mal. O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse

50. **My yellow stockings!** Olivia does not know that Malvolio is quoting from the letter, and she supposes he is speaking directly to her. [The folio reads *thy; my* is Lettsom's suggestion, adopted by Mr. White.]

man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she; "be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;" and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, "Let this fellow be look'd to:" fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance — what can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, *with* SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess'd him, yet I 'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is. How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man? 90

76. **limed her** = taken her as with bird lime.

77. [Mention of "Jove" and "the gods" (see Act II., sc. i., l. 43) may appear strange in a play containing "Sir Topas the curate," and the "holy man" and "chantry" of Act IV., sc. iii.; but this blending of old and new characterized the expression of the Renaissance, both written and pictorial.]

79. [**fellow.** Malvolio apparently receives the very word which indicates that he is considered an inferior, in the sense of "equal, companion."]

81. [**incredulous** = incredible.]

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him: let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he 's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd! My lady would not lose him for more than I 'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress!

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 't is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

112. **bawcock** = my fine cock, *beau cocq* (Fr.); a term of encouragement.

113. [**chuck** = chick.]

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is 't possible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we 'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he 's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here 's the challenge, read it: I warrant there 's vinegar and pepper in 't.

Fab. Is 't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is 't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me.

[*Reads.*] Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. [*Reads.*] Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't.

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

129. **His very genius** = his inmost soul.

Sir To. [*Reads.*] Thou comest to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense — less.

Sir To. [*Reads.*] I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me, —

Fab. Good.

Sir To. [*Reads.*] Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. [*Reads.*] Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Aguecheek.

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I 'll give 't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for 't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away!

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be

164. [**the windy side** = the side toward which the wind blows; hence, the safe side for a hunted stag.]

175. [**me**: see note on Act III., sc. ii., l. 33.]

176. [**bum-baily** = bailiff.]

of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Re-enter OLIVIA, *with* VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There 's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same haviour that your passion bears
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 't is my picture;
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;
And I beseech you come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I 'll deny,
That honour saved may upon asking give?

195. **cockatrice**: a fabled serpent-like monster. [It was supposed to kill with a look; see *Richard III.*, Act IV., sc. i., lines 55, 56.]

207. [**jewel**: the term was used for any piece of jewelry.]

Vio. Nothing but this; your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well: A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Sir Toby *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir. 218

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You 'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal. 232

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier

222. **dismount thy tuck** = draw thy sword.

223. **yare** = nimble, ready.

232. [**withal**: an emphatic form of *with*, placed after its object.]

234. [**unhack'd rapier**: Pope's reading. The folio has "unhatch'd," which probably means the same thing; unless, indeed, the word be used metaphorically. In the latter case, how would you explain it?]

and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give 't or take 't.

Vio. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that 's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

235. [**on carpet consideration** = on some ground connected with matters of peace rather than of war.]

239. **hob, nob** = hab, nab = *habban, nabban* (A. S.) = have, not have, hit or miss, take or leave.

245. [**quirk** = caprice.]

251. [**meddle** = take part, engage in the action.]

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir Toby, *with* Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he 's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on 't, I 'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on 't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I 'd have seen him damn'd ere I 'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I 'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I 'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on 't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside.*] Marry, I 'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

275. [firago = virago; properly feminine.]

276. [stuck = a thrust in fencing. Possibly we are to read stuck in as a compound expression.]

Re-enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

[*To Fab.*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth 's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [*To Vio.*] There 's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for 's oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you. 302

Vio. [*Aside.*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there 's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to 't. 311

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Vio. I do assure you, 't is against my will.

[*They draw.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir! why, what are you?

295. [**as horribly conceited of him** = made to conceive (imagine) things as horrible in regard to him.]

298. [**oath sake**: an omission of the possessive inflection, for euphony, frequent in Shakespeare with words of two syllables.]

309. **the duello** = the duelling code.

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.
[*They draw.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily and reins well.

First Off. This is the man; do thy office.

Sec. Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

First Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away: he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. [*To Vio.*] This comes with seeking you:
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you

320. **undertaker.** This word was applied in Shakespeare's time to those who undertook any sort of business for others.

337, 338. [Generally punctuated thus: —

"What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse?"

The present punctuation, which follows the later folios, seems preferable, as Antonio's anxiety is based on Sebastian's inexperience rather than his lack of funds. Sebastian had some money, though it was "not for idle markets."]

Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed: 340
But be of comfort.

Sec. Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you: 349
Hold, there 's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is 't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves! 360

Sec. Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

First Off. What 's that to us? The time goes by: away!

348. [my having = what I have, the amount of my possessions; supply the same word after *present*.]

Ant. But O how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there 's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

First Off. The man grows mad: away with him!
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit with Officers.*

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself: so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we 'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He named Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament;
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love. [*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I 'll after him again and beat him.

Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

369. [feature = appearance.]

394. 'Slid = by God's lid (eyelid). [See note on Act II., sc. v., l. 34.]

Sir And. An I do not, — [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let 's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 't will be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene I. *Before* Olivia's *house.*

Enter Sebastian *and* Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow:
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else: 10
Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubberly word will

3. **Go to**: here equivalent to "Stop your nonsense;" see note on Act II., sc. v., l. 156.]

14. **lubberly word**: that is, *vent*, which, in the sense of utter, was affectedly used in Shakespeare's day. The clown fears it will prove a cockney; that is, be petted and adopted. [This reading, however, is Douce's, adopted by Mr. White. The folio reads, "this great lubber the World." If this be correct, the whole passage means: "I am afraid this great lubber, the age" (a Shakespearian expression, both in the personification and in the sense of *world*), "will turn out to be an affected creature."]

prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me:
There 's money for thee: if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report — after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there 's for you.

Seb. Why, there 's for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad?

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I 'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone: I 'll go another way to work with him; I 'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it 's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well flesh'd; come on.

18. **Greek** = jester. [Frequently so used in the sixteenth century. The practical joker in *Ralph Roister Doister* is "Matthew Merrygreek."]

39. [**you are well flesh'd.** This has been explained as "made eager for combat, as a dog fed with flesh." "Fleshment" is elsewhere found meaning "the encouragement of a first success."]

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam!

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario.
Rudesby, be gone! [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*
I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee; would thou 'dst be ruled by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*

51. [**Rudesby**: see *Taming of the Shrew*, Act III., sc. ii., l. 10.]

53. **extent** = intrusion, aggression.

SCENE II. OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter MARIA *and* CLOWN.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I 'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*

Clo. Well, I 'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter SIR TOBY *and* MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master Parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, "That that is is;" so I, being master Parson, am master Parson; for, what is "that" but "that," and "is" but "is"?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*Within.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master Parson.

10. [**Competitors** = confederates. (Mason.)]
12. **Bonos dies** = good day. Feste means to speak Latin.
14. **Gorboduc** = a British king, real or imaginary.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: say'st thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. 72

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.*

Clo. [*Singing.*]

Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.

Mal. Fool!

Clo. "My lady is unkind, perdy."

Mal. Fool!

Clo. "Alas, why is she so?"

Mal. Fool, I say!

Clo. "She loves another" — Who calls, ha? 80

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clo. Master Malvolio?

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art. 89

Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

64. **for all waters** = ready for anything. [Possibly Feste is punning on topaz, a gem; see the technical use of *water* in relation to a jewel, Standard Dictionary.]

76. [**perdy** = *par Dieu;* verily.]

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas! 99

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. — Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. — Marry, amen. — I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say!

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, sir! 109

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

Mal. Fool, I 'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone. 120

92. [**propertied** = treated as a chattel.]

96. **Malvolio, Malvolio.** Here the Clown speaks again like the priest, and in his next speech dialogues as priest and fool.

105. [**shent** = scolded.]

109. [**Well-a-day** = alas.]

Clo. [*Singing.*]

I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I 'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain;

Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the Devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, goodman Devil. [*Exit.*

Scene III. Olivia's *garden.*

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me; I do feel 't and see 't;
And though 't is wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 't is not madness. Where 's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes

125. **the old Vice.** The reference is to the Vice, a stock character in the old Moralities; he used to beat the Devil with a sword of lath.

6. [**credit** : apparently used here for "current belief," though it sometimes means "intelligence, report by word of mouth."]

And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad,
Or else the lady 's mad; yet, if 't were so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing
As I perceive she does: there 's something in 't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter Olivia *and* Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
While you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?

Seb. I 'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

21. [**deceivable** = deceiving. See note on Act II., sc. i., l. 26.]

27. [**jealous** = anxious, apprehensive. See Act III., sc. iii., l. 8.]

29. **While** = until

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before* OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter CLOWN *and* FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and* Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow? 11

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes. 23

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there 's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer: there 's another.

Clo. *Primo*, *secundo*, *tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit.*

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter ANTONIO *and* Officers.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,

38. **Saint Bennet.** This church stood by Paul's wharf in London.

53. [**bawbling** = insignificant, like a mere toy.]

56. [**bottom** = ship, by synecdoche. What parallel do you find in Latin?]

That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him. What 's the matter?
First Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.
Vio. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side;
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me:
I know not what 't was but distraction.
Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?
Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wrack past hope he was:
His life I gave him and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication: for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,

Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.
Vio. How can this be?
Duke. When came he to this town?
Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia *and* Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.
Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.
Vio. Madam!
Duke. Gracious Olivia, —
Oli. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord, —
Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.
Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.
Duke. Still so cruel?
Oli. Still so constant, lord.
Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?
Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.
Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,

Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love? — a savage jealousy
That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I 'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
Call forth the holy father. [*Attendant goes out.*

Duke. Come, away!

117. **Egyptian thief.** This Egyptian was Thyamis, chief of a band of robbers, who, surrounded by enemies and desperate, killed, as he supposed, his mistress before dying himself.

129, 130. [Is it conceivable that Orsino would have the heart to fulfil his threat? How is the utterance in keeping with his character?]

Oli. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.
Duke. Husband!
Oli. Ay, husband: can he that deny?
Duke. Her husband, sirrah!
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Attendant *and* Priest.

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold, though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 't is ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.
Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.
Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

146. [propriety = ownership.]

Vio. My lord, I do protest —

Oli. O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew *with his head broken.*

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What 's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he 's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby *drunk, led by the* Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more:

170. [Apparently this means "*a* little faith."]

175. [**coxcomb.** A fool's cap was ornamented with an imitation of a cock's comb; hence, probably, the cant use of this word for the head, and also for a silly fellow.]

183. ['**Od's lifelings!** One of the faded oaths formerly commented on: literally, "by God's little lives." See *As You Like It*, Act IV., sc. v., l. 43.]

but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman! how is 't with you?

Sir To. That 's all one: has hurt me, and there 's the end on 't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O, he 's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' th' morning.

Sir To. Then he 's a rogue, and a passy measures panym: I hate a drunken rogue. 201

Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I 'll help you, Sir Toby, because we 'll be dress'd together.

Sir To. Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*

194. [**othergates** = otherwise.]

200. **passy measures panym.** Much dispute about this passage, and many emendations of what seems after all a mere effort to say, with drunken bombast, a passing measure (that is, egregious) paynim. [The folio reads, "a passy measures panyn;" *passy measure* was the name of a dance; so was *pavin* or *pavyon*. Some editors think the folio text a misprint for the combined expression. Naylor, quoted by Dr. Furness in the Variorum edition, p. 297, connects *passy measures pavin* with l. 199. "The Passamezzo tune . . . consists of regular 'strains,' which in their turn contain a certain *even* number of semibreves or 'bars.' In the case given, the strains consist of *eight* bars each. . . . The doctor's eyes were 'set at eight,' and so is a Pavan 'set at eight.'" In favor of the present reading it must be said that "paynim" is certainly a word after Toby's own heart. Whether he uses *passy measures* in the sense supposed by Mr. White, or invents an epithet connecting his "paynim" with a dance, it would be hard to say.]

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A natural perspective, that is and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian? are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit
You come to fright us.

217. **perspective.** This term was applied to all kinds of optical instruments, some of which effected illusions.

234, 235. [**suited** = clad. **suit** = dress.]

Seb. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say "Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!"

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I 'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. [*To Olivia.*] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;

237. [**dimension** = form. See Act I., sc. v., l. 265. **grossly**: compare *Merchant of Venice*, Act V., sc. i., l. 65.]

249. **lets** = hinders.

252. [**jump** = agree.]

260. [**bias** : a metaphor from the game of bowls. See *Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV., sc. v., lines 24, 25; also *Hamlet*, Riverside Literature Series, p. 52.]

L. of C.

Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wrack.
[*To Viola.*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he 's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, *with a letter, and* Fabian.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do: has here writ a letter to you; I should have given 't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open 't, and read it.

265. [See l. 217.]

281. extracting = "drawing everything else with it, absorbing." [(Globe editors.)]

Clo. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [*Reads.*] "By the Lord, madam," —

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *Vox.*

Oli. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To Fabian.*

Fab. [*Reads.*] By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. [*Exit Fabian.*

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown th' alliance on 't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.

295. [allow Vox = allow voice, let me shout.]
299. [perpend = consider attentively.]

[*To Viola.*] Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister! you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say 't is not your seal, not your invention:
You can say none of this: well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,

320. [quits = releases from service.]
342. geck = fool, dupe.

Though, I confess, much like the character:
But out of question 't is Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; thou camest in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived in him: Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance:
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

348. [**thou**: Mr. White's reading. The folio has "then," which would present the common ellipsis of the nominative.]

349. [**presupposed** = imposed beforehand.]

351. [**practice** = plot, trick. **shrewdly** = sharply, severely.]

361. [**had conceived in him**: Tyrwhitt's emendation of the folio reading, "had conceived against him," which would mean, "had taken as offensive in him." The present reading means, "had imagined to exist in him;" the speaker gives Malvolio the benefit of a doubt.]

362. **importance** = importunity.

Clo. Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them." I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one. "By the Lord, fool, I am not mad." But do you remember? "Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd:" and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt all, except Clown.*

Clo. [*Sings.*]

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, etc.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, etc.

381. [**convents** = is fitting or convenient.]

Clown sings. This clown was a singing clown: a functioner on Shakespeare's stage whose position was clearly defined. This song was one of those with which he was in the habit of amusing the groundlings. It is none of Shakespeare's.

But when I came, alas ! to wive,
With hey, ho, etc.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, etc.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, etc.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, etc.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, etc.
But that 's all one, our play is done,
And we 'll strive to please you every day. [*Exit.*

SUGGESTIONS FOR SPECIAL STUDY.

The title *Twelfth Night, or What You Will*, which may at a glance appear meaningless, should in reality convey certain intimations to the reader. This is to be a merry play, such as might well form part of the customary Christmas revelry, — for the mirth of Christmas was kept up until after Epiphany or Twelfth-Day. And the author at the outset lets you see his easy, careless attitude: you may call the piece what you will. It is no weighty matter needing a formal name, but a happy trifle, presenting pleasant, capricious persons who are blown to and fro by the winds of chance desires as lightly as butterflies. It might indeed be called the comedy of caprice; and this characteristic has been ingeniously connected with the sub-title. "It is this spontaneousness of emotion in the characters which gives propriety to the title *What You Will*, that is, act your pleasure, follow your fancy." (Henry J. Ruggles: *The Method of Shakespeare as an Artist.*) It may seem to some readers that this interpretation goes too far, and that in the sub-title, as we have suggested, the author simply addresses his audience, disclaiming importance for his play; but at least the coincidence is curious and interesting.

In whichever way we explain the name, it is clear that in a comedy so christened Shakespeare is not bound to view life unflinchingly and to depict it faithfully. The only artistic necessity is that the piece shall throughout conform to the law of its own being. "Any story can be made *true* in its own key," wrote Stevenson; and he regretted the too great realism of some passages in *Prince Otto*, "which disprepares the imagination for the cast of the remainder." Here nothing must clash with the light and lovely lute-

music of romance; hearty laughter may at times rise above it, but no real discord must be produced.

What Shakespeare would ask of us, in our reading of *Twelfth Night*, is a holiday mood corresponding to his own. It is best to read the play through at a sitting, if possible, paying little or no attention to the notes; and afterward to enjoy it more slowly, dwelling on each scene and each line, and studying in clear light each dimly apprehended detail. But we must never lose the living charm of such a piece by working too hard over it. If we do that, we shall defeat Shakespeare's main purpose in his comedies. To find what this purpose was, look at the last line of the epilogue, and also at the epilogues of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *All's Well That Ends Well*, and *The Tempest;* you may there discover what he wished to do and how he feared to fail. It is true that these after-speeches or after-songs were sometimes, as in the present case, not composed by Shakespeare himself; but we may assume that they were acceptable to him, as expressing, on the whole, what he wished to express to his public.

By its quaint sub-title *Twelfth Night* connects itself with another of the set of plays which Dr. Furnivall has called "the sunny or sweet time comedies." (If you are not yet familiar with the time-groups in which Shakespeare's dramas may be approximately placed, you will find it profitable to learn them.) The phrase *As You Like It* seems to mean much the same thing as *What You Will*. The plays are somewhat alike, and yet there is a noticeable difference between them. We feel it in the very first scene of each.

Act I., scene i. We know that it is Shakespeare's way to strike at once the keynote of the piece. (See *As You Like It*, Riverside Literature Series, p. 107; *Hamlet*, same series, pp. 174, 175; *Macbeth*, same series, p. 100.) *As You Like It* begins in an orchard, and it begins briskly. *Twelfth Night* begins in a rich apartment, and it begins broodingly. Carry out this hint for yourself, in contrasting Orlando and Orsino, and grasping the delicate differ-

ence between Rosalind and Viola. Try to make clear in your own thought what is meant by the "atmosphere" of a play. What adjective is used by the Duke four times in this short scene, and what effect results? What is the basis of Orsino's love for Olivia? Is it likely to be lasting? Confirm the conclusions reached from lines 19–23, by reference to two passages in Act II., sc. iv. How old a man is Orsino? (See the scene just referred to, but also Act I., sc. v.) Can you already discern a resemblance, in one particular, between him and Olivia? In lines 7 and 8 the Duke presents the first instance of that changeableness on which we have commented as a characteristic of the persons of the play. Note as you proceed, in each scene, the quick changes of desire or intention.

In *scene ii.*, however, Viola shows no unsteadiness of purpose or of mood; she is only considering what may be the best course to pursue. In line 29 she seems to feel a momentary hope that the Duke has married; if so, she may serve his duchess. The next step is natural; since he seeks to make Olivia his duchess, — and since she is drawn toward Olivia by a similarity of sorrow, — she would serve that lady. Disappointed in this, she adopts the plan of disguise, which has now become essential. (Compare carefully the action of Rosalind, *As You Like It*, Act I., sc. iii.)

It would, indeed, be useless to look for variability in Viola. In her pure steadfastness of unselfish feeling she supplies the high light of the picture, no less truly than Cordelia supplies it in *King Lear*. It does not follow because Shakespeare is keeping holiday that he is the less an artist; he selects and models, contrasts and balances, with the same swift skill in his lighter as in his graver mood.

Read aloud lines 3 and 4, for the sake of their charming melody; note also the Elizabethan tendency to play upon like sounds. Where did you find it in sc. i.?

Scene iii. Shakespeare's first audiences, it will be remembered, had to imagine their own scenery, aided by little more than a sign-board. In reading a play we are in much

the same position, and must make a similar effort. It should not be hard for us to image to ourselves Orsino's luxurious environment in the first scene, or the wild seashore after storm in the second; the Lady Olivia's hall with its great fireplace, and table shining with tall flagons, or her green-bordered garden full of sunny walks and fantastically clipped box-trees. In like manner we must try, helped by the hints distributed in the text, to make the persons real to the imagination. Orsino and Olivia, Viola and Sebastian, we understand to be beautiful, instinctively accepting the convention in regard to the principal characters; can you, in each case, prove this to be true? Of Sir Toby's appearance we learn little; something, by implication, of his clothes and boots. (We may guess at the half-befogged roguishness of his eye.) What warrant is there for a stage tradition representing Sir Andrew with long, straight, light hair? By what passages may we make sure that Maria was tiny and bird-like? With what official accessories must we equip Malvolio and the Clown? Prove from Act III., sc. iv., that the former is an eminently respectable person, of dignified appearance.

In this scene we find Shakespeare's wit and humor in full flow. (For a fine distinction between these qualities, see E. P. Whipple, *Literature and Life.*) Wit is present in this play in the forms of ingenious punning (see examples in sc. iii.), brilliant epithet, epigram, paradox, and repartee. But there is, in contradistinction to all these, a kind of piquant nonsense hard to classify, resulting from an unexpected and wholly absurd perversion of thought or language. It is akin to wit in its element of mirth-provoking surprise, but alien in its lack of significance. It startles us, not by throwing a sudden flash of colored light upon a word or idea, but rather by leading, with a plausible air, up to a blind wall. This contrived inconsequence is true "fooling;" and it is, as one might suppose, abundant in a comedy so light-hearted as *Twelfth Night.* Distinguish throughout between the two types of laughter-moving speeches.

Humor, as a quality of the mind affecting the style, may be defined as an amused and more or less indulgent perception of the incongruities of life. It presupposes, in varying proportions, keenness and sympathy, or at least so much of intellectual sympathy as shall let one into the secret of another's feeling; we perhaps imply its natural connection with kindliness in our term "good humor." It is felt in the author's treatment of his characters; Shakespeare handles a fool, of the non-professional sort, as lovingly as Izaak Walton would a trout. It is also shown in the arrangement of groups and the contriving of situations. Shakespeare's humor led him to conceive, with enjoyment, the relation of Maria, the sharp little scolding wren, to the incorrigible Sir Toby, the relation of Toby himself to the wistfully imitative Sir Andrew, and the contrast between the whole group and Malvolio. Lastly, humor may appear as an attribute of the characters themselves, as in the cases of Toby and Maria, Feste and Fabian; in these it is more keen than sympathetic. Emerson has called it "an ornament and safeguard;" observe that a certain rueful humor keeps Viola from too much dangerous self-pity, as she contemplates her own position in Act II., sc. ii. Note also that it is the quality Malvolio most lacks, as his speeches in Act I., sc. iv., reveal. Olivia tells him that he has no sense of the relative importance of things; he takes everything seriously. We have pointed out that the best humor is allied to good-will. What does Shakespeare intimate, by his choice of a name for the precise and egotistical steward? (For the direct antithesis, see *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I., sc. i.)

Scene iv. Viola has been three days at the court of the Duke, and already she loves him. This swiftness of emotion is even exceeded in the case of the Duke himself (Act I., sc. i., line 21), and that of Olivia (Act I., sc. v.). It would be a mistake to consider facility in falling in love as illustrative of the characteristic capriciousness of the persons in *Twelfth Night*. Compare *As You Like It*, Act I., scenes ii. and iii.; and *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I.,

sc. v. The explanation is rather that Shakespeare's men and women really belong, in spirit, to the Renaissance; a period when, it seems, time galloped, and readiness of feeling was coupled with rashness in action. Some allowance must also be made for the necessary compression of drama. Notice Viola's two attempts to evade the commission thrust upon her. Account for the brevity of her final promise. What do you conjecture to be the ground of her love for the Duke? In determining this point, consider lines 13 and 14.

Scene v. It is interesting to compare Feste with Touchstone in *As You Like It.* All Shakespeare's jesters are alike in two respects: they are really clever men; and they half disguise their cleverness under the convention of fragmentary and whimsical speech, as if thought were broken into iridescent pieces. (See *As You Like It*, Act II., sc. vii., lines 38–42.) From what has been already said, you might expect to find Feste the less coherent in his method; decide for yourself whether this is true or not. What difference is suggested by the meanings of their names? One is threatened with whipping, the other, playfully, with hanging — for what different offences? Should you not be surprised to find Touchstone singing? (Notice that Feste's two songs, in Act II., scenes iii. and iv., are, each after its own fashion, in perfect keeping with the spirit of the play, — the one being as unrestrained in its expression of epicurean enjoyment as the other is in its self-indulgent melancholy.)

Mark the brave semblance of gayety with which Viola rises to the emergency, the little innuendo by which she snatches a second's compensation for her hard commission, and the frank praise of her rival in which her generosity reasserts itself. From this point she wooes in eloquent earnest for her master; how do you explain the change? Shakespeare emphasizes it by a change of form in the dialogue. Olivia holds out, in the lighter mood, for one more prose speech, but presently falls under the spell of Viola's strong feeling, and answers in kind. What does Viola's genuine anger,

lines 290 et seq., show in her? What is the basis of Olivia's love for Cesario? She justifies her helpless yielding to emotion by a couplet of fatalistic philosophy. Are we to conclude that Shakespeare held this view of life? Compare *All's Well That Ends Well*, Act I., sc. iii., lines 231–234. It is clear that neither passage can be insisted upon as conveying the author's own belief. A dramatist expresses his ideas of life by the general trend of his plays; we may sometimes draw a conclusion from a single play or scene, but not from the utterance of a single character.

Act II., scene i. There is a beautiful courtesy, a just combination of affection and reserve, in those scenes of Shakespeare which present manly friendship. It seems that the love of comrades played an important part in his notion of the goodly world. Compare with the present instance the relation of Antonio and Bassanio, in *The Merchant of Venice*, and note the coincidence in the name of the elder friend.

Scene ii. Compare Viola's feeling and behavior, on grasping the strange situation, with that of Rosalind, *As You Like It*, Act. iii., sc. v.

Scene iii. By so idealizing this scene of revelry that all possible repellent elements have been refined away, and there is nothing left but irresponsible fun, Shakespeare has prepared us to look with indulgence upon the mirthful revenge of the interrupted revellers. Some actors show a want of discrimination in emphasizing points untouched by the author; realism would here be fatal to the effect desired. In real life, no doubt, we should range ourselves on the side of the worthy steward, in spite of his unwinning traits; but we have yielded our imaginations to Shakespeare's, and he has led us into a dreamland of merry misrule, a dukedom of reversed proprieties, where regularity runs counter to an unwritten law, and to be perfectly reasonable is ridiculous. The dramatist has his own way and time of dealing seriously with the subject of drunkenness (see *Othello*, Act II., sc. iii.); but he is about no such business now. If he has

anything to hint to us between laughs, it is that even an excellent person may be too unctuous in his reproof of the evil-doer. What speech of Sir Toby's exactly hits Malvolio's mental attitude?

It has been acutely observed that the mainspring of character is actually the same in the refined Orsino as in the rollicking Toby. (*The Method of Shakespeare*, etc.) Consider this observation, supplementing it by the axiom of Emerson: "It matters little in the long run whether our dissipations be coarse or fine."

We need not inquire further into the facts concerning Pigrogromitus and the Vapians, nor into the connection between Malvolio's nose and a whipstock, or between the Myrmidons and bottle-ale houses. Sir Andrew praises whatever he cannot fathom, and the jester is shrewd in supplying a demand.

Scene iv. Notice that Feste has for the Duke a style of jesting quite different from that adapted to Sir Andrew. (See Viola's remarks, Act iii., sc. i., lines 55–63.) What speech of Feste's in this scene not only shows his sagacity, but strikes a note characteristic of the piece?

When some person of the play is ignorant of facts known to the reader or the audience, and therefore speaks or acts in a strikingly inappropriate way, — as the Duke does in his dialogue with Viola, — we have dramatic or constructive irony. The incongruity produced may be humorous, as it is in the case of Malvolio, Act III., sc. iv.; or, if painful, it may be exceedingly pathetic, as it is here. The suspense created by Viola's approach to a subject so vital to her is gradually replaced by admiration of her exquisite deftness in confessing and concealing at the same time. We are made aware of a certain arrest of the Duke's attention as Cesario tells his sister's story; for a moment Orsino is vaguely moved, and it is Viola herself who recalls him to "the theme." — Lines 30–40 have been supposed to set forth Shakespeare's regret for his own marriage with a woman older than himself. But see note on the closing lines of

Act I., sc. v.; and further, contrast with the whole of the passage under consideration Sonnet cxvi.

Scene v. Charles Lamb, in his essay "On Some of the Old Actors," gives the following account of Bensley's impersonation of Malvolio: —

"[He] threw over the part an air of Spanish loftiness. He looked, spake, and moved like an old Castilian. . . . He was magnificent from the outset; but when the decent sobrieties of the character began to give way, and the poison of self-love, in his conceit of the Countess's affection, gradually to work, you would have thought that the hero of La Mancha in person stood before you. How he went smiling to himself! with what ineffable carelessness would he twirl his gold chain! What a dream it was! You were infected with the illusion, and did not wish that it should be removed! . . . You felt that an hour of such mistake was worth an age with the eyes open."

Are Malvolio's day-dreams chiefly connected with Olivia's supposed love, or with his own advancement?

Act III., scene ii. Toby's double motive for detaining Sir Andrew, as a source of amusement and of revenue, is here made plain. The quarrelsome disposition of the foolish knight was touched upon in Act I., sc. iii., and briefly demonstrated in Act II., scenes iii. and v., in preparation for this part of the action.

On reaching, in a second reading, Act II., sc. i., we may begin to watch the practised playwright as he lightly weaves into a single braid three distinct strands. The Duke, Olivia, and Viola he has, in the introductory scenes, placed in one group; Sebastian and Antonio form another, and the underlings of Olivia's household a third. The first and second are closely connected, the twin action concerning Sebastian running on, in the background, parallel with that concerning Viola, until Act III., sc. iv., where the natural error of Antonio crosses the threads; the complication, strengthening in Act IV., scenes i. and ii., brings about a general bewilderment in Act V., where the knot is untied — by

what incident? Meanwhile Viola's story proper has gone on increasing in interest with the growing extravagance of the Duke's conduct (culminating where?) and her own deepening love (reaching its highest expression at what point?), and the emotional problem is solved at last by the same incident which solves all the puzzles of mistaken identity. The consequent revelation of Viola's sex, throwing new light upon the page's devotion, suddenly frees the Duke from the enchantment of his dream-passion, and turns his real tenderness for Cesario into an answering ardor.

With his third group Shakespeare carries on a subordinate action, connected with the principal from the beginning by the figure of Olivia, indispensable to both: the effort of Toby to detain Sir Andrew by any means that may come to hand. Developing into the quarrel with Cesario, this slender thread is drawn into the main complication in Act III., scene iv., and loosed by the final incident already referred to, in Act V.

Of this subordinate action, the scheme concerning Malvolio is seen on analysis to be but a vigorous episode. "The whole plot against Malvolio may be regarded as *une petite comédie*, in which he is made to assume a costume and act a part for the amusement of the other characters. . . . It is almost a play within a play." (*The Method of Shakespeare*, etc.) Notice the final connective contrivance by which Shakespeare, in Act V., draws attention to the affair of the deluded steward (lines 274–277).

It would be beyond the license of even this type of drama to represent "the madly used Malvolio" as immediately reconciled to his persecutors; but we may have confidence in the power of Olivia and the Duke to bring about the peace that they evidently desire (lines 378, 379). And we must, further, remember that some varieties of egotism have a fortunate property of elasticity and self-healing.

The blithe tinkle of the fool's bells is the last sound left in our ears; hard knots are untangled, "golden time convents," and "journeys end in lovers meeting." We need

look for no moral lesson in *Twelfth Night*. Some things as good we shall find without search. "Every gay, every bright word or picture, like every pleasant air of music, is a piece of pleasure set afloat; the reader catches it, and, if he be healthy, goes on his way rejoicing." [1]

[1] Robert Louis Stevenson: *Letters*, vol. i., p. 432. (Scribners, 1899.)

APPENDIX.

AN ARRANGEMENT OF SCENES FROM TWELFTH NIGHT FOR THE PRIVATE STAGE.

In this arrangement, each act ends, after the modern fashion, with an effective situation, and the omissions do not prevent a continuous and orderly movement of the play. For those who desire a liberal stage-setting, the arrangement provides for three full sets and two drops; the handling, however, is quite simple, as all changes can be made between the acts, and the only scene which requires trimming the stage is the first set.

Act I.

Scene 1. An apartment in the Duke's Palace (drop at front).
[Act I., Scene 1, to line 23, "E'er since pursue me." Then Act I., Scene 4, line 10, "Who saw Cesario, ho?" to end of scene.]

Scene 2. A Room in Olivia's House (full set).
[Act I., Scene 3; Scene 5 from "Enter Olivia and Malvolio."]

Act II.

Scene 1. A Street near Olivia's House (drop at front).
[Act II., Scene 2.]

Scene 2. Same as Act I., Scene 2.
[Act II., Scene 3.]

Act III.

Scene 1. Same as Act I., Scene 1.
[Act II., Scene 4.]

Scene 2. Olivia's Garden (full set).
[Act II., Scene 5; Act III., Scene 1, from "Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew."]

ACT IV.

Scene 1. The same.
[Act III., Scene 2, to "Exit Sir Andrew," for which substitute the direction "exeunt;" Scene 4 through "*Sir And.* Nay, let me alone for swearing."]

Scene 2. Same as Act II., Scene 1.
[Act II., Scene 1 through "Let me be your servant;" Act III., Scene 3, from "My kind Antonio."]

Scene 3. Same as Scene 1.
[Act III., Scene 4, from "*Olivia.* I have said too much unto a heart of stone;" Act IV., Scene 1, Scene 2, Scene 3.]

ACT V.

Street before Olivia's House (full set).
[Act V., Scene 1.]

LIST OF CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY, WITH THE SCENES IN WHICH THEY APPEAR.

The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

Duke: I. 1 (31), 4 (27); II. 4 (69); V. 1 (94). Whole number 221.

Sebastian: II. 1 (36); III. 3 (20); IV. 1 (17), 3 (23); V. 1 (32). Whole number 128.

Antonio: II. 1 (13); III. 3 (33), 4 (33); V. 1 (28). Whole number 107.

Captain: I. 2 (32). Whole number 32.

Valentine: I. 1 (9), 4 (5). Whole number 14.
Curio: I. 1 (2); II. 4 (5). Whole number 7.
Sir Toby: I. 3 (67), 5 (7); II. 3 (63), 5 (44); III. 1 (7), 2 (36), 4 (144); IV. 1 (10), 2 (13); V. 1 (7). Whole number 398.
Sir Andrew: I. 3 (53); II. 3 (51), 5 (15); III. 1 (7), 2 (12), 4 (18); IV. 1 (7); V. 1 (20). Whole number 183.
Malvolio: I. 5 (35); II. 2 (14), 3 (20), 5 (115); III. 4 (58); IV. 2 (45); V. 1 (19). Whole number 306.
Fabian: II. 5 (33); III. 2 (25), 4 (40); V. 1 (30). Whole number 128.
Clown: I. 5 (66); II. 3 (33), 4 (29); III. 1 (42); IV. 1 (20), 2 (77); V. 1 (77). Whole number 344.
Priest: V. 1 (8). Whole number 8.
1st Officer: III. 4 (6); V. 1 (6). Whole number 12.
2d Officer: III. 4 (4). Whole number 4.
Servant: III. 4 (4). Whole number 4.
Olivia: I. 5 (127); III. 1 (54), 4 (45); IV. 1 (16), 3 (12); V. 1 (67). Whole number 321.
Viola: I. 2 (34), 4 (13), 5 (75); II. 2 (28), 4 (32); III. 1 (69), 4 (56); V. 1 (46). Whole number 353.
Maria: I. 3 (31), 5 (25); II. 3 (41), 5 (20); III. 2 (17), 4 (29); IV. 2 (6). Whole number 169.

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